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## SEA-WEEDS IN A SHELL.

How fair and delicate they be,  
 The things that grow within the sea!  
 What varying grace of form and hue!  
 As if a wizard-artist drew  
 In outline on the ocean-floor  
 The finished wonders of the shore.  
 What hints gleam out in every line;  
 The needly branches of the pine,  
 Whose rough bole hides the leaning rose  
 That only woodland silence knows;—  
 The fuzzy hills in twilight's gloom;—  
 The peach-boughs, faintly pink with bloom;  
 The fields a-flame with May-day's glow;—  
 The naked woods that bide the snow;—  
 Whatever on the shore may be,  
 Hath some foreshadowing in the sea.  
 The tender curve, the outline clear,  
 Reveal the Master-workman here;  
 A simple, spiritual grace;—  
 Heaven seen within an infant's face;  
 The love-light rippling o'er its birth,  
 Before it knows itself and earth.

A hand—and whose I guess right well—  
 Steered through the snow a pearly shell  
 Laden with sea-weeds, unto me;  
 Wherein my heart drifts out to sea.  
 I hear no more the rattling sleet;  
 My thoughts, an idle nautilus-fleet,  
 Afloat upon a sunlit wave,  
 Where never north wind dares to rave,  
 Sees lovelier visions than are born  
 In sight of landward-looking morn.  
 Life-buds that upward, outward grow,  
 And make the soul of nature's show.  
 Bright germs of being, formed and spent  
 Within their perfect element,  
 Which for themselves no reason give—  
 Save that they're beautiful, and live.

Oh, many a lovely thing was planned  
 For caverned sea and blooming land.  
 And good it is to study out  
 The work a God hath been about.  
 Yet weary in the search we grow;  
 Not all our wisdom is to know.  
 What know we half so dear as this?  
 We are, and truth, and beauty is?

So float we careless from the shore,  
 While life comes rippling, eddying o'er,  
 Drifting immortal hints within  
 Of all that shall be, or hath been.  
 Joy! from the beauty-burdened sea  
 Anew to quaff eternity!  
 To feel, of all that Love can give,  
 The largest blessing is, to live:  
 To live and grow, what'er befall,  
 Into the great, harmonious All.

LUOY LARCOM.

## Notes and Queries.

APPENDED to the Longfellow's poem of the "Skeleton in Armor" is a brief note of an antiquity which, though now almost forgotten, in its day created much sensation. The skeleton which the poet has used as the basis of his romance, was the remains of a human being, which was exhumed some twenty years since at Fall River, Massachusetts. It was discovered by some workmen while digging in a sand-bank. It was in a sitting posture, and otherwise arranged in accordance with the usages of Indian burial. The armor found with it, however, was of a kind supposed to be unknown to that race. This consisted of a zone or belt some eight inches wide, made of copper tubes, hung upon strings of hide. Upon the front there was a large breast-plate or shield of the same metal, and lying by, several arrows and spear heads of a peculiar construction. The flesh which came in contact with the metal, strange as it may appear, was soft, and retained its form, but the bones were very much decayed. The skeleton was carefully preserved in the village Lyceum of Fall River, where it became an object of great attraction. It has since been destroyed by fire.

About the time the Skeleton in Armour was found, the Northern Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen, published an account of the journeys of the Northmen to America in the tenth century. Amongst those was a hitherto unknown journal of an expedition which sailed down the eastern coast of North America to Narragansett bay, so graphically describing the scenery as to make it easy to trace their progress by this test alone. They went up Mount Hope Bay, where Fall River is now situated, and here their captain was killed by the Indians and by them buried.

The discovery of the skeleton, clad in armor, precisely similar to that known to be in use in the north of Europe at the time of the sailing of the expedition, seemed at once to stamp it as the remains of the long lost captain. A great deal of learned dissertation was expended to prove this position, and for a number of years the antiquaries of Europe and America congratulated themselves upon the knowledge and possession of this wonderful relic. We believe to this day the above theory of its origin is implicitly believed both in this country and in Europe.

It is not a pleasant task, perhaps, to assail so good a romance. But facts are stubborn things. The subsequent discovery of several other skeletons in the same neighborhood, clad in the same armor, and in all respects corresponding exactly to the one which first came to light, upsets the whole theory. Some traditions, too, were afterwards discovered, which pointed out the skeleton in armor to be the remains of an Indian chief. These facts leave us to conclude that the armor was furnished to the Indians by the Northmen in quantity, and that the Indians, according to custom, buried their dead with this armor. The Northern Society of learned antiquarians have not given ear to the reports of these more recent discoveries, being unwilling, no doubt, to admit the truth of a story which disproves their delightful romance. Neither have they given, it seems to us, due heed to the opinion of phrenologists, that the skull of the skeleton in armor was that of an Indian.

In the neighborhood of Fall River there are several rocks covered with rude inscriptions, which are supposed to be the

work of these Northmen. And the old stone mill at Newport is by many believed to date its origin from the same period. But this, to any one who is familiar with the facts, seems preposterous. Can any of your readers throw any light upon the mooted question of the origin of the old stone mill?

R. E.

CAN any of your readers inform one who has no books at hand to refer to, who is the author of the following quotation, and where it may be found:

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Also this,

"Hell is paved with good intentions."

O. J.

#### REPLIES.

I THINK that I can solve the question propounded in the last number, as to the word *vendue*. This word is certainly not of native English growth, for it is not to be found in any English dictionary published more than thirty years ago, and I do not believe that it can be found in any native English author. It is, however, perfectly intelligible from commercial and from American use, in London and Liverpool, though I doubt whether it would be so in York or Litchfield, or any small old provincial town. An eminent scholar, who has been much about the world, once told me, that at Calcutta, some years ago, a shrewd native merchant, who spoke English fluently, and to whom he had been introduced as an American (as he was), said to him, "No, you are not American, you are English." "Why do you think so?" "Oh, you say 'auction,' Yankee captain all say 'vendue.'" The word "vendue" is used in the West India Islands, and I believe that it originated there. I conjecture it to be derived from *Venduta*, which is the American-Spanish word for vendue or auction, answering to *Vendeya* in purer Spanish. I presume that *Venduta* is also of the Andalusian dialect, which I have heard is one of the *chef d'œuvres* of the variations of the American-Spanish from the pure Castilian; Spanish-America having been chiefly settled from these maritime provinces which come under the name of Andalusia. Most of the British West India islands were originally Spanish, and may have long retained some traces of the language; or such a business word would be naturally introduced from intercourse with the Spanish Main, whether direct or contraband, of which latter sort there was probably much. From the West Indies, which in colonial times had constant intercourse with New England and New York, the word came here, and was in constant use in the last century.

V.

UNDER the head of "Notes and Queries" a correspondent asks a question with regard to the line in Virgil—

"*dum montibus umbra lustrantur conveca.*"

It seems to me clear that the sense of the verb *lustrant* is to make more evident by means of light (which involves shade). And in this sense we always use its derivative "illustrate," in contradistinction to *illumina*, which means to make more brilliant, or *elucido*, to render more comprehensible. Thus the effect of the sunlight on the "convexa," or rounded hill-sides, is to make them to be more fully realized as such—to make them more clearly visible, by means of light and its inseparable friend and brother—shadow; for it is only by this illustration

of light and shade that we know that distances are not absolutely flat. Thus I should translate the passage in question:

"*dum montibus umbra lustrantur conveca.*"

"While shadows give relief to the mountains' rounded sides."

This bears no comparison to the elegance of the original; but the expression is absolutely untranslatable without loss either of elegance or significance. It is one of those which springs from the genius of a language, and can never be carried bodily out of its native condition.

W. J. S.

CONSTRUCTION OF A PASSAGE IN VIRGIL.—A brief disquisition on a passage in Virgil, the meaning of which appears to have been mistaken by commentators, appears in the last number of THE CRAYON, under a signature which induces us to refer it to the pen of one of our ripest scholars, as well as ablest and most elegant writers. For the original Latin we refer to the article from THE CRAYON, copied into another part of this sheet; but we have obtained the following metrical translation in English:

While heaven leads forth at night, and folds again  
His starry flock; while rivers seek the main;  
While mountain heights a moving shadow cast,  
Thy honor, name, and praise shall ever last.

The translator has yielded to the exigencies of rhyme and metre so far as to transpose somewhat the different members of this sentence. The first line and first half of the next are a somewhat paraphrastic version of the words *poues dum sidera pascet*, but it is difficult in a more succinct translation to preserve the effect of the metaphor contained in these words.

To our thinking, nothing is clearer than that the correspondent of THE CRAYON is right in his interpretation of the passage which forms the third line of the translation which we have given. The commentators suppose the shadows spoken of to be the shadows of trees, when the poet manifestly intended the shadows cast by the mountain heights, which, as the sun passes from east to west, shift round the mountain sides. The image thus brought before the mind is far more magnificent, and more associated with the idea of permanence than that of the shadows of trees on the mountains. Trees are but an accidental ornament of a mountainous region; the loftiest and grandest ridges which cast the longest and broadest shadows are bare of them, and in all cases their shade wants that quality of duration and perpetuity which Virgil meant, in this passage, to illustrate.—*Evening Post*.

### Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

THE munificent donation of the Sheepshanks Gallery of British pictures by the owner to the nation was announced some while ago. The deed of gift has now been laid before Parliament. The conditions which Mr. Sheepshanks makes are, that a suitable gallery, to be called "The National Gallery of British Art," shall be at once erected by Government on the Kensington Gore Estate, for the reception of his pictures, and any future acquisitions; that the trusteeship shall be vested in a single individual,—Lord Stanley, of Alderley, in the first instance, who is to be advised and assisted by Mr. Mulready; failing him, by Mr. Redgrave; and, failing him, by some other member of the Royal Academy of London; that none of the pictures shall ever be sold or exchanged, though they may be temporarily lent out of London; that the profits of any engraving which the trustee may authorize from the pictures shall go to the painter; and that, on any failure in the fulfillment of these terms, the collection is to pass to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Mr. Sheepshanks also expressly recommends that the pictures should be open to view on Sunday afternoons; but this is not a condition *sine qua non*. The catalogue numbers 233 oil paintings, and 103 drawings and sketches, by 54 artists, among whom may be particularized Constable, Cope, Crome,